


I Can Read!™

BEGINNING  
1  
READING

# HARRY

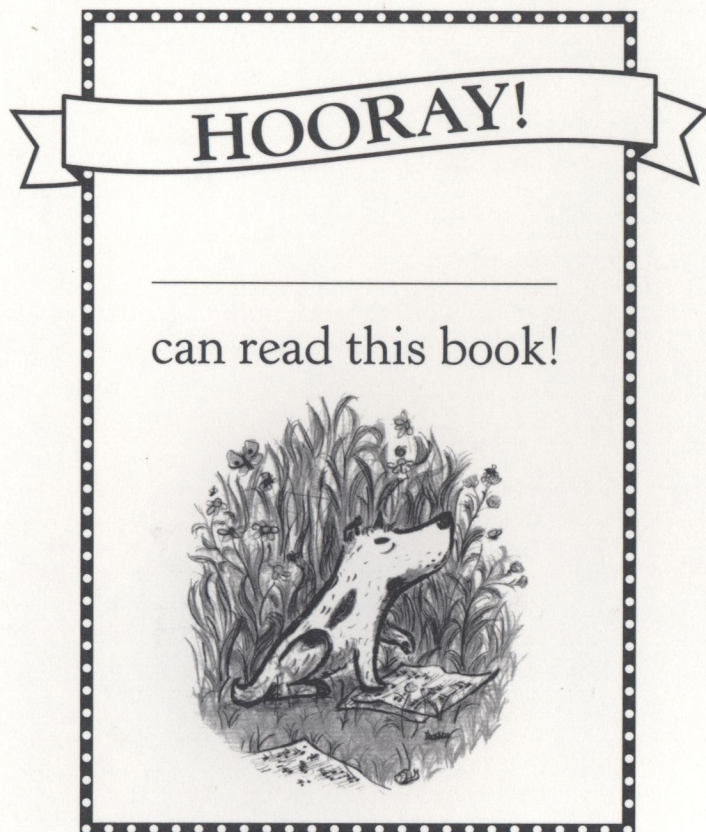
and the   
Lady Next Door



by Gene Zion

Pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham





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# HARRY

## and the Lady Next Door



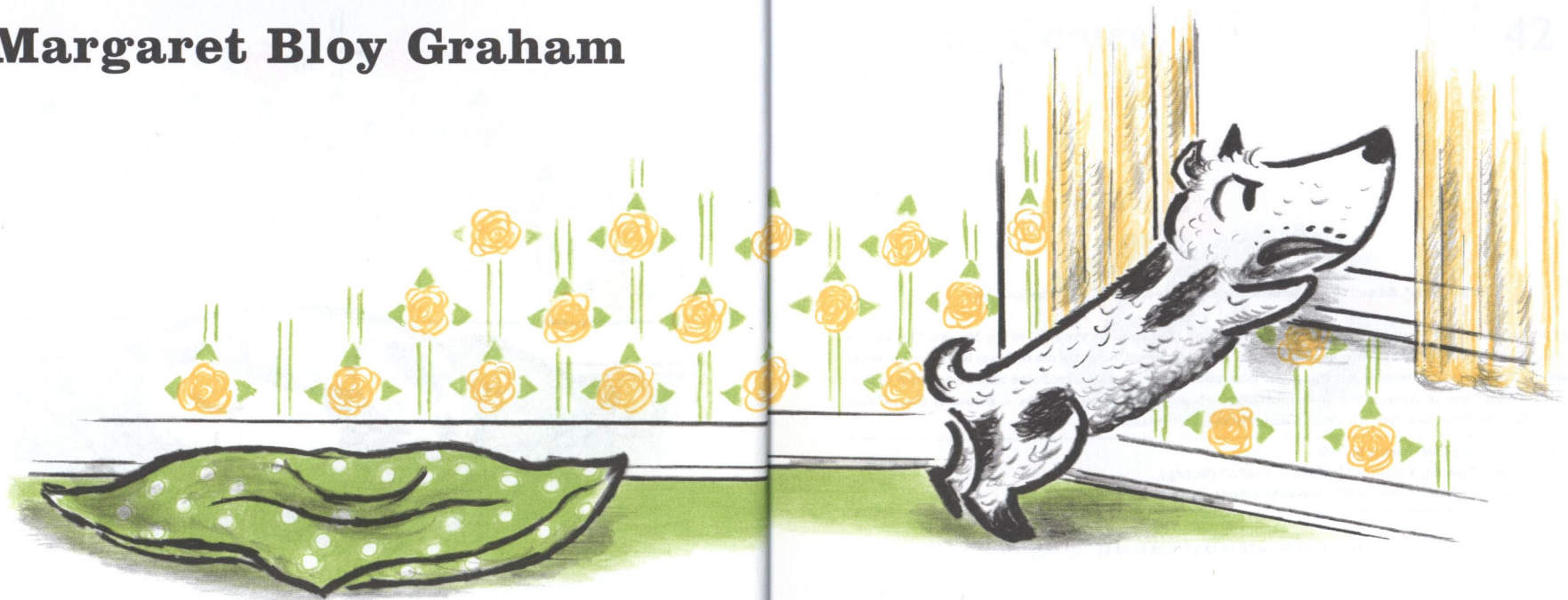
**I Can Read!**<sup>™</sup>

BEGINNING  
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# **HARRY** and **the Lady Next Door**

**by Gene Zion**

**Pictures by  
Margaret Bloy Graham**



 **HarperCollins Publishers**





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## THE PARTY



Harry was a white dog  
with black spots.

He loved all his neighbors,  
all except one.

He did not love the lady next door.





The lady next door sang.  
She sang high and loud.  
When she sang, Harry's ears hurt.



She sang higher  
than the peanut whistle.  
When she sang, the peanut man  
put his hands over his ears.





She sang louder  
than the siren on the fire engine.  
When she sang, the firemen  
put their hands over their ears.



She sang higher and louder  
than the cats sang.  
When she sang, the cats ran away.





Harry tried everything to make her stop.  
He howled under her window.  
His friends howled too.  
But it did not do any good.  
The lady next door went on singing.  
She sang higher and louder than ever.



One day Harry's family gave a party.  
They invited the lady next door.  
She came with her music.  
When she started to sing,  
Harry almost bit her leg.  
But he bit the leg of the piano instead.





The family sent Harry  
out of the room.  
“You are a bad dog,”  
they said.  
Harry just wagged his tail.



As he walked to the door  
some people said,  
“Poor Harry.”  
But others whispered,  
“The lucky dog!”





When Harry pushed the door open  
the wind blew in.  
It blew the pages of music off the piano.  
They blew all around the room.  
Everyone tried to catch the music  
but no one could.



The pages blew out the door  
and into the garden.  
They blew over the fence  
and up into the trees.  
Harry caught some of the pages  
but he did not bring them back.  
He ran away with them.



## HARRY'S FIRST TRY



He ran until he came to a quiet spot.  
He dropped the music and lay down.  
Soon he fell asleep.



In a little while,  
something woke Harry up.





All around him were cows mooing.  
They mooed very low notes.  
Harry listened.  
He thought the cows  
made beautiful music.

He had never heard anything  
so soft and low.  
He wished the lady next door  
would sing like the cows.  
Suddenly Harry had an idea.

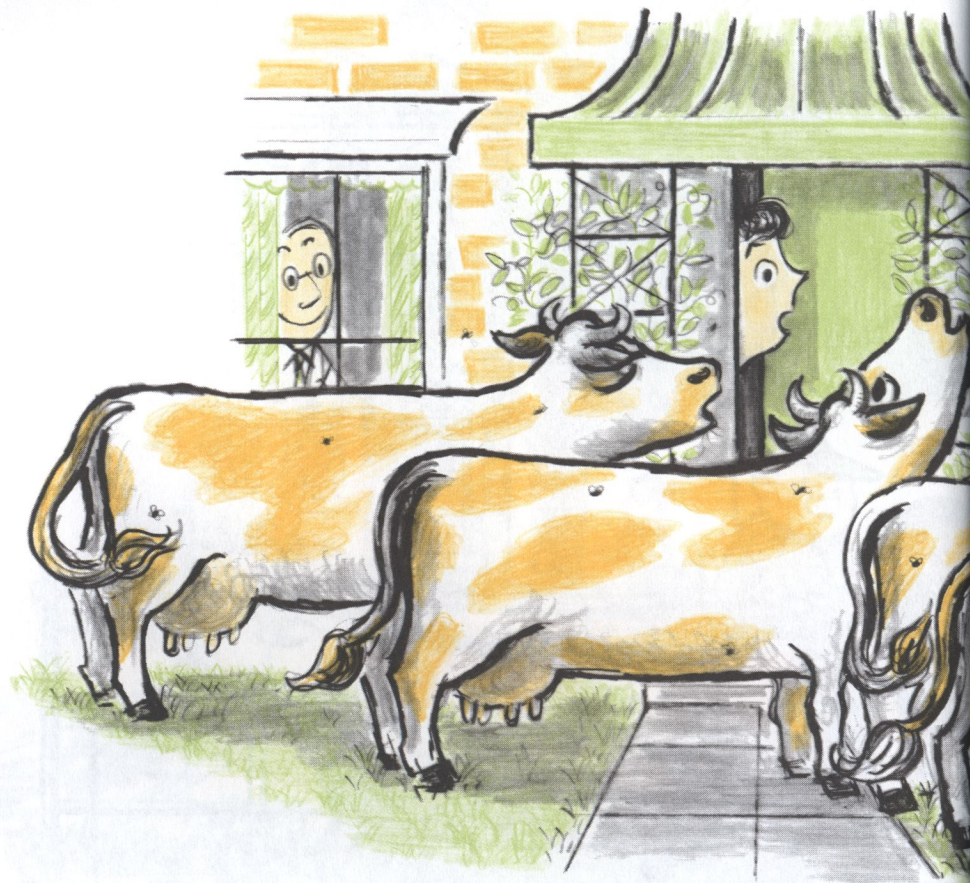




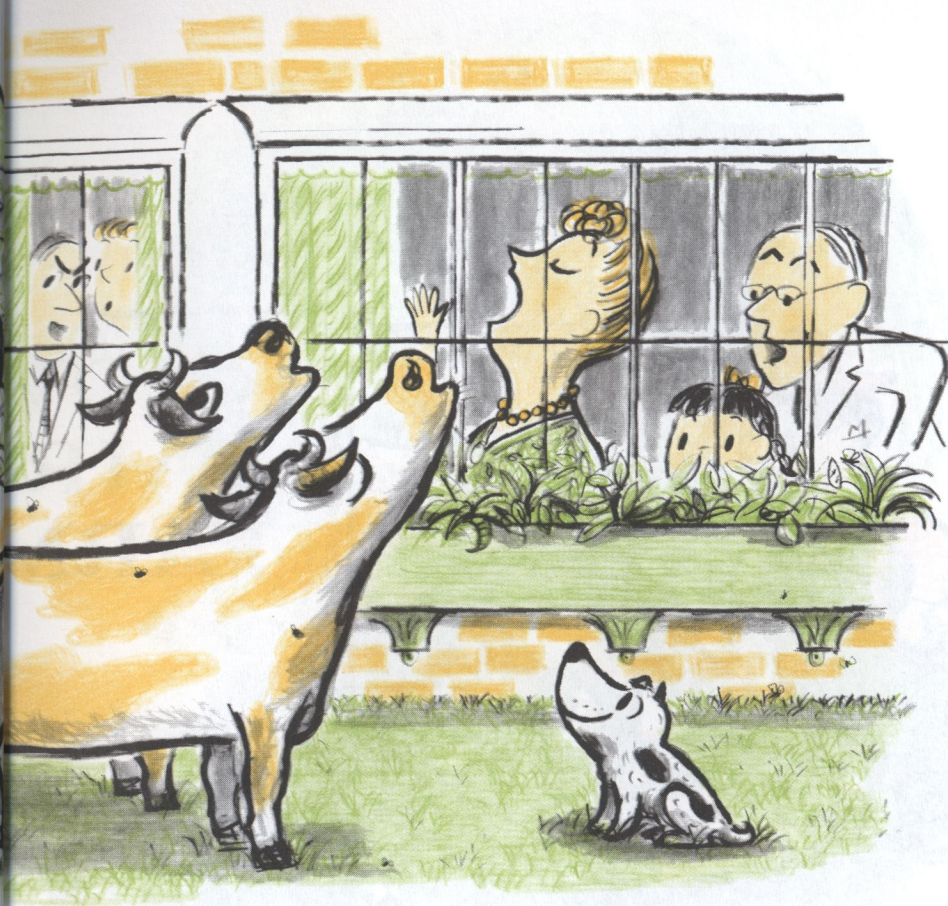
He rounded up all the cows.  
He barked at their heels.  
Down the road they went.  
Harry barked and the cows mooed.

They ran on and on.  
They ran down the main street of town.  
They passed the school, the library  
and the fire house.





When they came to Harry's house  
the lady was still singing.  
Harry ran ahead and stopped the cows.  
They went on mooing.  
They mooed and mooed and mooed.

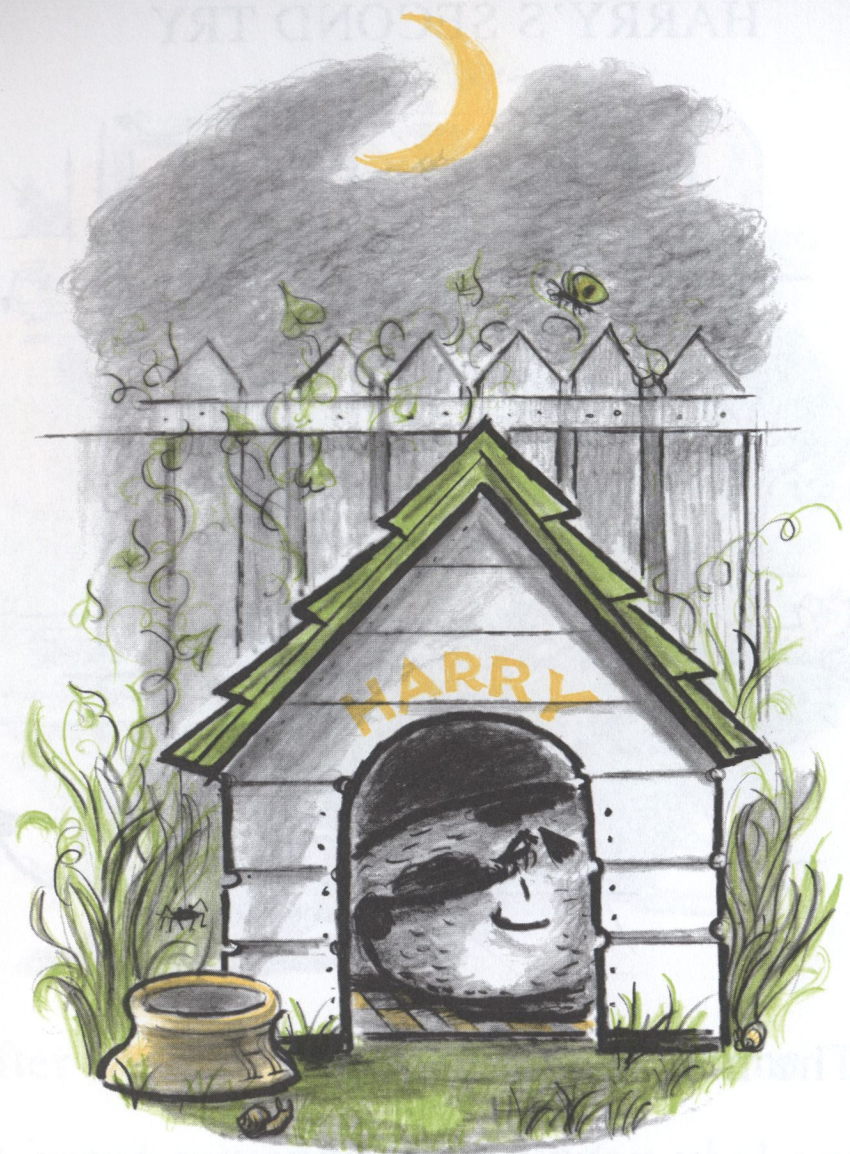


They all mooed soft and low.  
The cows mooed for a long time  
but it did not do any good.  
The lady next door went on singing.  
She sang higher and louder than ever.





Harry's family called the man  
who owned the cows.  
He came and took them home.



That night,  
Harry slept in the dog house.



## HARRY'S SECOND TRY



The next day  
the lady next door sang some more.  
Harry's ears hurt more than ever.  
He went for a walk.



After he had walked for a long time  
he heard a wonderful sound.  
“Oompah! Oompah! Oompah! Oompah!”  
It was low and lovely.





Then Harry saw what it was.  
It was the big horn  
in the Firemen's Band.  
The big horn was even softer and lower  
than cows mooing.  
Harry walked along listening.

He wished the lady next door  
would sing like the big horn.  
Then he saw the leader of the band.  
The leader threw his stick into the air.  
Harry watched.  
Suddenly he had an idea.





The next time  
the stick went into the air,  
Harry caught it.



Harry ran in front of the band.  
The leader ran after Harry—  
and the band ran after the leader.





Soon the leader was all out of breath.  
He stopped running.  
But the band ran after Harry.  
The men played as they ran.

Harry led them all  
down the main street of town.  
They passed the school, the library  
and the fire house.





Harry stopped the band  
in front of the lady's house.  
She was still singing.  
The big horn player played  
even softer and lower than before.

He blew and blew and blew  
right under her window.  
But it did not do any good.  
The lady next door went on singing.  
She sang higher and louder than ever.





When the leader got there  
he had Harry's family with him.  
Harry gave the stick back.



That night,  
he slept in the dog house again.



## THE CONTEST



A few nights after that,  
the family took Harry to the park.  
They were going to hear  
the Firemen's Band.  
The family knew that Harry liked  
the big horn.

They got to the park and sat down.  
A light shone on the stage.  
The people were quiet.  
They waited for the music to begin.  
Harry closed his eyes and listened.  
He waited for the big horn.  
He waited for the soft, low notes.





But the low notes never came.  
Instead, a man came out.  
“Good evening, friends,” he said.  
“The band will not play tonight.  
The big horn player is all out of breath.  
Instead, we shall have a singing contest.  
And here are the ladies who will sing.”



Everyone clapped  
when the ladies came out.  
On the end of the line  
was the lady next door.  
Harry took one look  
and ran off.







He was almost out of the park  
when he heard something.

"Blorp Blorp."

"Blorp Blorp."

It was low and beautiful.



Harry stopped and listened.

It was even softer and lower  
than the cows and the big horn.

He wished the lady next door  
would sing like this.





Then he saw where the sound came from.  
It came from inside a watering can.  
Suddenly Harry had an idea.



He took the handle of the can  
in his mouth.  
Then he ran with it.





When he got back to the bandstand,  
he walked quietly up the stairs.  
The lady next door was singing.



Harry put the watering can  
on the floor behind her.





Soon the lady sang a *very* high note.  
Then something happened.  
Two frogs jumped out of the can.  
One jumped on the lady's head.  
The other jumped on her shoulder.  
The other ladies in the contest  
shrieked and ran from the stage.



But the lady next door went on singing.  
She sang higher and louder than ever.



When she finished her song,  
everyone shouted, "Hooray!"  
The judges whispered together.  
Then one of them spoke.  
"Ladies and gentlemen," he said.  
"The other ladies in the contest  
have all gone home.  
So the lady next door wins  
the singing contest!  
She is a *brave* lady.  
She wins First Prize.  
It means she can study music  
in a far-off country  
for a long time!"







Everyone clapped and clapped.  
Harry barked and barked.  
He was the happiest of all.



In the middle of all the fuss  
the frogs hopped home.





Soon the time came  
for the lady next door  
to go away.



Harry went to the ship  
with the family  
to see her off.





“Good-bye! Good-bye!” everyone shouted.  
Harry wagged his tail.

The lady next door started to sing  
a good-bye song.

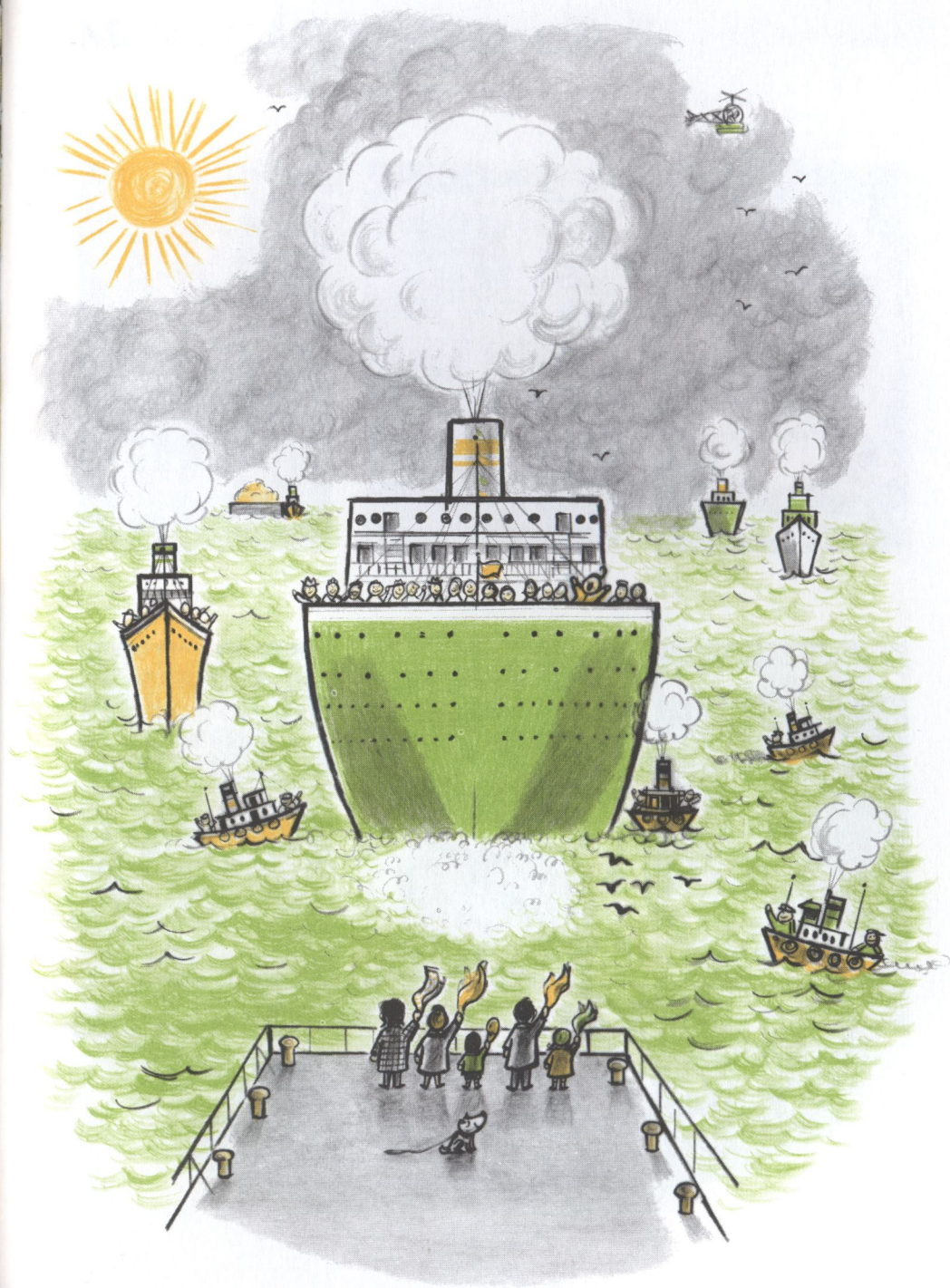
But no one ever heard her.

Just as she sang the first note  
the ship blew its foghorn.



It was a deep, low, wonderful sound.  
As the ship moved away from the dock,  
other boats blew their foghorns too.

Harry thought it was  
the most beautiful good-bye song  
he had ever heard.

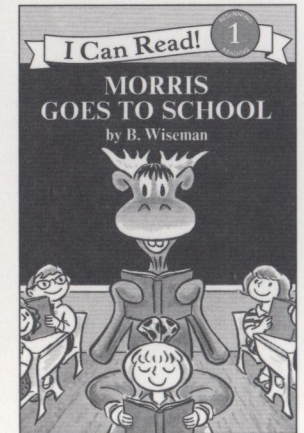
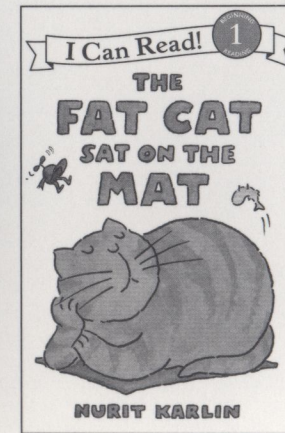
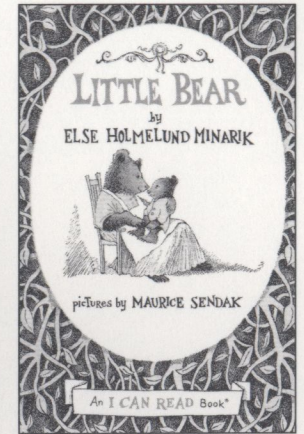
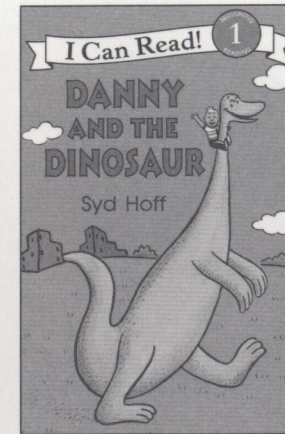
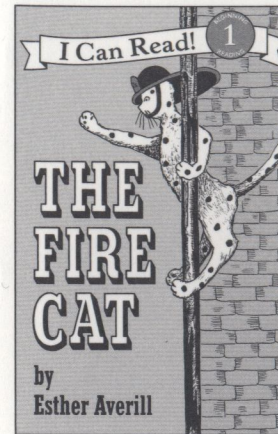




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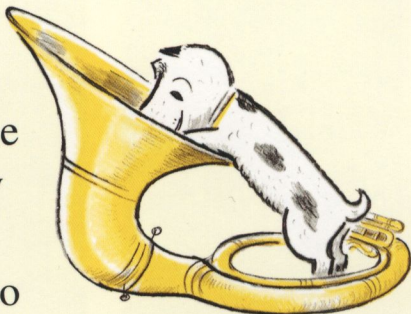




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When Harry tries to stop the lady next door from singing too loudly, he gets in trouble! Can Harry solve the neighborhood's problem before he's sent to the doghouse?



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